THE PETTICOAT:

AN Heroi-Comical POEM.

In Two BOOKS.

Price One Shilling.

ТЕЛЕГРАФЪ:

ИЛИ

ПЛАНЪ СОЧИНЕНІЯ РОМА.

ВЪ ГОРОДѢ ЛОНДОНѢ.

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AN

HEROI-COMICAL

POEM.

In Two BOOKS.

By Mr. GAY.

Dux Fœmina Facti. Virg.

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TO THE

LADIES.

LADIES,

THE Invention of the FAN, and the PATTIN *, having gain'd your approbation, I hope this of the HOOP-PETTI-

* See TRIVIA.

COAT,

COAT, as the Deſign is laudable, will come in for a ſmall ſhare of your Favour.

Tho' I am no leſs than *Couſin-German* to the Author of thoſe admir'd Productions: Yet, I, by no means, deſire to Graft a Reputation upon his Stock; nay, I am ſo little ſollicitous about the Fate of my Performance, that I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay upon the Subject, in the Words of a Celebrated Author. †

"What I have done is ſubmit-
"ted to the Publick, from whoſe
"Opinions I am prepared to

† *See Mr.* POPE's *Preface to his Tranſlation of* HOMER.

"learn

" learn; tho' I fear no Judges
" ſo little as our beſt Poets, who
" are moſt ſenſible of the Weight
" of this Task. As for the Worſt,
" whatever they ſhall pleaſe to
" ſay, they may give me ſome
" Concern as they are unhappy
" Men, but none, as they are
" malignant Writers.

Your very humble Servant,

JOSEPH GAY.

ERRATA.

Page 38. l. 15. for *a*, r. *the*.

« learn; tho' I fear no Judges
« so little as our best Poets, who
« are most sensible of the Weight
« of this Task. As for the World,
« whatever they shall please to
« say, they may give me some
« Concern as they are unhappy
« Men, but none, as they are
« misjudging Writers.

THE PETTICOAT:

AN Heroi-Comical POEM.

BOOK I.

Sed me vel Tellus optem Prius Ima dehiſcat,
Ante, Pudor! quam te Violo, aut tua Jura reſolvo. Virg.

SInce in ſuch odd Fantaſtick Times [as theſe,
All Female Toys the roving Fancy [pleaſe,
APOLLO thinks his Servants much [to blame,
To let the FAN exceed the Reſt in Fame;

With Gen'rous Rage inflames th' aſpiring Muſe,
And warns her Now a loftier Theme to chuſe:
The God preſcribes the Object of my Praiſe,
And what the God directs, the Bard obeys.

Begin my Muſe, and ſing in *Epick* Strain
The PETTICOAT; (nor ſhalt thou ſing in vain;
The PETTICOAT will ſure reward thy Pain!)
Proceed its various Beauties to diſplay,
And ſet its *Circling Charms* in full Array;
Say whence its wond'rous Origin it drew,
Then ſpread the Wide-ſtretch'd PETTICOAT to view:
Not that which is by Rural Damſels worn,
Not that which Modern Milk-Maids does adorn;
Theſe may be Graſp'd by ev'ry Grubſtreet Muſe,
But mine, through nobler Paths, a nobler End purſues.

Rais'd

Rais'd by my FLORA's Love, aloft I ſoar,
And ſwell with Hopes to reach the diſtant Shore.
Nor can I of the wiſh'd Succeſs deſpair,
Since Heav'n protects the Fav'rites of the Fair:
Undaunted like the little *Wren* I fly,
And mount the *Eagle* to aſcend the Sky.

Long had young *Thyrſis* the Coy *Chloe* woo'd,
And, oft repuls'd, unwearied ſtill purſu'd,
Till pitying *Cupid* ſent a timely Dart,
To fire with equal warmth the Fair-One's Heart;
That She, who had ſo long with proud Diſdain,
Refus'd the Off'rings of her humble Swain,
Might late, Convinc'd by ſad Experience, prove
Reſiſtance vain againſt the Pow'r of Love.

Alas! How ſoon the wond'rous Change ſhe felt?
How ſoon her former Reſolutions melt?
Her beating Heart with doubtful Ardour burns,
And Modeſty and Love prevail by Turns;
Her Redden'd Cheeks with conſcious Bluſhes glow,
Her wanton Looks, her wanton Wiſhes ſhow;
Her Heaving Breaſts with riſing Paſſions ſwell,
And Silence ſpeaks what Words want Pow'r to tell;
Sleep ſhun'd her Eyes, her Soul abandon'd Reſt,
And Love and *Thyrſis* ev'ry Look confeſt.

Whilſt *Thyrſis* gaz'd with Tranſport on her Face,
He ſaw Compaſſion by Degrees take place:
He ſaw— and thought the alteration ſtrange;
But well he knew the Sex were prone to change;

Ready

Ready to ſeize his Long-deſpair'd of Prize,
With more than Mortal Extacy he flies,
And youthful Fury ſparkles in his Eyes.
She fled: —He like *Apollo* chas'd the Fair;
The Fair to ſhun him took not *Daphne*'s Care;
With ſwifteſt Speed at firſt ſhe ſcours the Field,
And flying, ſeems as half averſe to Yield;
The wanton Winds her Snowy Limbs expoſe,
And at each Blaſt unlook'd-for Charms diſcloſe;
Each well-turn'd Leg attracts the Lover's Eyes,
And the Nymph ſeems more beauteous as ſhe [flies:
But now, with ſhort fetch'd ſteps ſhe moves [more ſlow,
Her panting Sides her ſlacken'd Paces ſhow;
Back on the Swain ſhe looks—She trips; She falls;
And, falling, on her much lov'd *Thyrſis* calls:

Thyrſis

Thyrſis was ready at his *Chloe*'s Call,
And claſp'd her faſt, and ſav'd her from her Fall:
With trembling haſte into his Arms ſhe flies,
And Heart meets Heart till each in Tranſport dies.
Thus Eve with ardent Love *Embraceing lean'd*
On our firſt Father, Eager preſt his Hand;
Whilſt He impatient Clos'd her in his Arms,
Fir'd with her Beauty and *Submiſſive Charms*,
Till on the Moſſy Bank they fainting lay,
And both diſſolv'd in floods of Bliſs away.

But ah! Such momentary Joys are vain,
And preſent Pleaſure leads to future Pain:
That little Taſte of vain Delight has coſt
The brighteſt Gem, the faireſt Nymph could boaſt.

Nor

Nor was the Loſs her greateſt Cauſe of Grief,
(Since that in time might find a ſure Relief,)
But what was worſe, the dreaded Symptoms came,
Which would to all the World the Slip proclaim.

Tho' needleſs they, for Looks her Shame confeſs,
And ev'ry prying Eye the Fault might gueſs;
With Care ſhe now avoids the conſcious Grove,
(The ſilent Witneſs of her fatal Love:)
The Grand Cabal ſhe now frequents no more,
Or comes the laſt, who went the firſt before;
That Charming Voice that raviſh'd ev'ry Swain,
The Joy and Wonder of the Neighb'ring Plain,
No more from Repartee Applauſe demands,
But Grief all Utterance of Words withſtands:

In Sighs and Silence now ſhe waſtes the Time,
Tokens ſufficient to divulge her Crime!
If Nymphs leſs Chaſt than theſe compos'd the [Train,
If Nymphs ſo Chaſt, admitted Thoughts prophane!
Yet ſome, 'tis ſaid, by ſhrewd Suſpicions gueſt;
(For ſome are ſtill more knowing than the reſt,)
And gueſt alas too well! but theſe, 'tis thought,
By dear Experience had their Wiſdom bought.

Around the Circle ſoon the Whiſper flew,
Thoſe ſpoke the firſt, who thought the moſt they [knew;
Strait ev'ry piercing Eye obſerves the Dame,
In vain with Smiles ſhe would conceal her Shame:
Her Eyes ſtill redden with the Tears ſhe ſpilt;
Her Boſom heaves, too conſcious of her Guilt;

They

They ſaw new ſigns, they ne'er diſcern'd before,
And each they ſaw, they made a thouſand more.
The more obſerv'd, the more her Looks reveal
The fatal Secret, which they ſhould conceal.
With timely Caution ſhe avoids their ſight,
And ſeeks for ſhelter in the ſhades of Night.
There mourns in ſecret the ſad Doom, ſhe thought
Too *great* a Penance for ſo *ſlight* a Fault.
Long the big Paſſion burnt within her Breaſt,
At length her Rage in Words like theſe expreſt.
And muſt I tamely bear this foul Diſgrace?
This open Inſult offer'd to my Face?
No — E're I do, the Sun ſhall loſe his Light,
And plunge the Day in Seas of endleſs Night.
Firſt ſhall each Atom of Creation jar,
And kindling Elements light up Eternal War.

What! ſhall the ſaucy *Prudes* preſume to boaſt,
That they poſſeſs the Jewel I have loſt?
Whilſt I, (my fatal Folly ſeen too late,)
Like Angels fall'n, deplore my wretched Fate,
Curſe what I feel, and bleſs my former State.

She ſaid—and ſtrait to her Lov'd THYRSIS goes,
THYRSIS had now a ſweet Retirement choſe;
With Induſtry and Care compos'd a Grove,
And laid the Scene of all his future Love.
A ſhady Verdant Walk the Entrance grac'd,
Of Yew and Holly in nice Order plac'd;
Down whoſe Deſcent the Eye might far purſue
A dubious Proſpect, that deceiv'd the View;
The op'ning Scene the gazing Eye employs,
And by degrees prepares it for Surprize.

A fragrant *Bow'r* its head at distance rears,
And now in full Perfection it appears;
Its sides with interwoven Woodbines rose,
The Checquer'd Ground with various Daisies glows;
Here Red, there White, in Party-colour'd Dress,
Which ev'ry where did CHLOE's Name express.
A *Myrtle* at each Corner, rais'd its Head,
Which spread o'er all the Bow'r a grateful Shade;
The *Palm* and spreading *Laurel* kindly close,
And the Arch'd Roof in *Woven Shade* compose.

The sinking *Sun* in *Western* Isles appear'd,
And now the Shepherd folds his wandring Herd;
Now flow'ry Meads with falling Dews grew wet,
And length'ning Shadows shew'd him almost set:

When CHLOE to this New-form'd *Eden* came,
To ſeek the hapleſs Author of her Shame;
Advancing now, ſhe ſpeeds her eager Pace,
And views unmov'd the Pleaſures of the Place.
Strait onward to the Bow'r ſhe bends her way,
And meets no Object to induce her ſtay;
The rural Scenes exert their Charms in vain,
Tho' ſure they might, if ought could eaſe her [Pain.
At laſt her THYRSIS the Fair Mourner found
Supine in Slumber ſtretch'd upon the Ground.
With Gentle Voice, Awake! Awake! She cries,
Oh could ſuch happy Slumbers ſeal my Eyes!
Could I, like Thee, ſecure from anxious Thought,
Enjoy the Pleaſure, and forget the Fault!
But all the Eaſe my Rigid Fates allow,
I ſeek in Thee, the Cauſe of all my Woe.

The Swain ſurpriz'd to ſee the Nymph ſo near,
Riſes to Welcome, and to chear the Fair;
With ſoothing Tales of Love, the Artful Boy
Excites the Virgin to repeat the Joy:
The Fair reclining on his guilty Breaſt,
In Words like theſe her growing Griefs expreſt.
Fond Youth! Alas in vain thou ſtriv'ſt to eaſe
My troubled Mind, and lull my Soul to Peace,
Whilſt hapleſs, I am ſcoff'd by ev'ry *Prude*,
Whoſe Vertue makes her Inſolent, and Rude,
Cruel! Unkind — No more her Breath ſupply'd,
And flagging Nature for a Moment dy'd.
The frighted Youth with tender Care convey'd
Within the fragrant Bow'r the fainting Maid.

There

There each reſtoring Scent apply'd with Care,
And wak'd to Life the ſad repining Fair.
Then lowly Proſtrate He to *Venus* falls,
And thus the Aid of Beauty's Goddeſs calls.

Oh Potent QUEEN, who Rul'ſt Love's awful [Throne,
And ſhar'ſt the Kingdom with thy mighty Son!
Oh think what Shame thy conſcious Guilt conceſt,
Oh think what Indignation fir'd thy Breaſt,
When limping VULCAN in his Net enclos'd
The God of War, and Thee, and to all Heav'n [expos'd:
From thence ſome Pity to a Virgin ſend,
And with thy gentle Aid a Nymph befriend.
If e'er true Lovers thy Protection claim,
Let not one Slip for ever blaſt her Fame;

How

How dear alas! are Worldly Pleaſures bought,
If ſuch a Price muſt pay ſo ſweet a Fault?
How can weak Woman's ſtrength ſufficient prove
To ſtem the Torrent of Ungovern'd Love?
Since Gods themſelves his Pow'r Superior own,
And for a Mortal's Bed, reſign their Heav'nly [Throne!

Say then, Oh QUEEN! for thou alone canſt tell
What Lucky Thought may CHLOE's Shame con- [ceal.
In happy Time ſome new Device erect,
And yielding Maids from Scandal's Breath pro- [tect!

He pray'd — But VENUS heard not half his [Pray'r,
Or, had ſhe heard, ſhe could not eaſe his Care;
Th' Immortal in the ſelf-ſame Snare was caught,
And, though a Goddeſs, err'd, If Love's a Fault?

ADONIS

ADONIS now does all Her Thoughts employ,
And Heav'n without ADONIS yields no Joy.

THYRSIS dejected to his Bow'r returns,
His Pray'r unheard, with penſive CHLOE mourns.
The Nymph enrag'd to think the Suit denied,
Reſolv'd to uſe all means, that could be tried;
With Female, (not Inferior,) Pow'r to ſhow
What, at a Pinch, a Woman's Wit can do.
Strait home ſhe goes, and *Betty* calls in haſte,
(The Virtuous *Betty*, as her Miſtreſs chaſt!)
To fetch the ſeveral Neceſſary Tools
Ordain'd by Cuſtom, or preſcrib'd by Rules.
E'er yet the Handmaid had her Cargo brought,
The Work was Perfect in her Fancy wrought,

With

With pleasing hopes she fed her ravish'd Mind,
And thought she view'd what was but yet design'd:
Officious *Betty* now to Sight appears,
And grownes beneath the heavy Weight she bears,
The ample Table now before her spread,
Each Female Trinket was in order laid.
Here, Rows of Pins, of various sort and size,
Stood fix'd on Paper stain'd with Crimson Dies;
The Scizzars here, and there, the Needles lay,
And Shades of diff'rent Silks confus'dly gay;
The Thimble here, with many a Story wrought
Of Nymphs by cunning to Compliance brought;
CALISTO here, without her Quiver's seen,
Stretch'd at her Ease upon the flow'ry Green,

Whilſt Luſtful JOVE aſſumes DIANA's Shape,
And in a PETTICOAT conceals his *Rape*:
With Look Demure, He thus accoſts the Maid,
With ſpecious Shew of Modeſty betray'd,
What Woods, Oh Nymph! could Thee ſo long [detain?
Thou beſt belov'd of all my Num'rous Train!
To whom the Nymph: — Hail Goddeſs more
Than JOVE himſelf! — JOVE laught at what [rever'd
To ſee *himſelf* before *himſelf* prefer'd; [he heard;
With more than Female Warmth the Nymph [careſs'd,
And eager Kiſſes on her Lips impreſs'd:
The Nymph reſiſted all that Woman cou'd;
But what avails the Pow'r of Fleſh and Blood,
Oppos'd againſt the Vigour of a God?

Here

Here a white *Bull* the wily God appears,
And 'midſt the Herd his curling Forehead rears;
EUROPA to a Man the *Brute* prefer'd,
And wiſh'd her ſelf a Heifer in the Herd:
To feed her much belov'd, the Graſs ſhe pulls,
And all around the choiceſt Flow'rs ſhe culls;
Whilſt He, with friſking Leaps, around her plays,
And tho' a Beaſt, a Heav'nly Form diſplays.
Awhile at Diſtance ſtood the Cautious Dame,
Tho' Fears were needleſs — for her *Bull* was tame.
Grown bolder now, ſhe ſtrokes his ſnowy Sides,
And laſt, with Manly Grace the God beſtrides:

The God impatient, plunges in the Sea,

And bears the beauteous trembling Prize away.

The ſtiffen'd Canvas, now, the Nymph diſplays,
The ſtiffen'd Canvas, yet, the Touch obeys;
Now Ribs of Whale, with artful Care ſhe bends,
And Each in its adapted Place extends:
The Whalebones ſpread the ſwelling Canvas wide,
And ſtretch'd their ſtubborn Lengths from Side to Side.
No more was wanting but the Needle's Aid,
Which *Betty* to her skilful Hand convey'd;
That want ſupply'd, the Dame her work purſued,
Fix'd all ſhe form'd, and all ſhe fix'd review'd,
Till now the Work was to Perfection brought,
And Uſe and Beauty center'd in the COAT.

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BOOK II.

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BOOK II.

Omne tulit punctum quæ miscuit utile dulci. Hor.

THE ruddy Morn had now repell'd [the Night,
And Darkness fled before the Dawn [of Light;
The early *Lark* ascends with daring [Wings,
And to the *Sun* her Morning Anthem sings;

The

The misty Dews from Fenny Marshes rise,
And scaling Feathers rub their half-shut Eyes:
When restless Cynthia drew her Curtains by,
To see if Day appear'd in *Eastern* Sky;
With Joy she saw, and pull'd the tinkling Bell,
This *Betty* heard, and knew the Signal well;
Yet wonder'd at the unexpected Chime,
Six tedious Hours before 'twas Breakfast-Time;
She thought some Frenzy, sure, had seiz'd the [Dame,
Then turn'd her round, and thought it but a [Dream;
Her heavy Eyes again in Slumbers clos'd,
And ev'ry drowsy Faculty compos'd:
When fresh Alarms th' astonish'd Ear confound,
And loud repeated Peals again resound;
Now, some short time in Yawning spent, she [rose,
And in a Hurry huddled on her Cloaths;

Then

Then, breathleſs, to her Lady's Room ſhe flies,
And Entring, *Madam, did you Call?* ſhe cries:
I ſcarce could truſt my Senſes, as they ſay,
To hear you ſtirring when 'twas hardly day;
Who'd think your Ladyſhip ſhould Riſe ſo ſoon,
When 'twas but Yeſterday you Lay till Noon?
Bleſs me! 'twould frighten any Fleſh alive,
It wants, atleaſt, a Quarter now of Five!

Impatient CHLOE quits her *needful* Reſt,
Of ev'ry Earthly Good ſhe thinks poſſeſt:
(Oh Sex for ever blind to future Fate,
Whom *trivial* Griefs *depreſs*, and *trivial* Joys [*elate!*)
Eager to meet the Grand Gabal again,
She waits the waſting of the Time in pain,

Attentive to the beating Watch appears,
And ev'ry Minute, ev'ry Second, hears:
When now, the Warning told the Hour's approach,
Betty's dispatch'd to *Robin* for the Coach.

But how Cross Fate does our Designs prevent,
By some unlook'd for, Luckless Accident?
No sooner did she at the Coach arrive,
And Orders gave to *Robin* where to drive,
But found, (Oh fatal Chance!) yet found too late,
The PETTICOAT too Wide, the Door too Strait:
Entrance, by Force, she oft attempts to gain,
Betty's assistance too she calls in vain,
The stubborn Whalebone bears her back again.
Vex'd at the Balk, on Foot she trips her way,
For Woman's Will admits of no Delay:

On

On either Side, a faithful Slave attends,
And Safe from harms the PETTICOAT defends.

The Nymphs aſſembled, now in Council ſate,
To fix ſome weighty Matters in Debate;
When CHLOE, in this ſpacious Garb array'd,
(No longer now of prying Eyes afraid,)
Advanc'd with Solemn Pace and graceful Mien,
Whilſt various Zephyrs ſwell the new *Machine*:
With Art, each Fold diſpoſes in its place,
And ſmooths each Wrinkle with becoming Grace;
Then thus began——

Ye Nymphs! who make it your peculiar Care,
With uſeful Precepts to inſtruct the Fair,
To uſe each Artifice that *Woman* can,
Againſt the bold encroaching Creature *Man*;

Behold this Work, whoſe Praiſe I juſtly claim,
And make, Unrival'd, this Pretence to Fame:
In vain you bid the tow'ring Head aſcend,
By various Rows of ſtiff'ning Wire ſuſtain'd,
Unleſs, by this, you Guard the lighter Part,
Which, weak by Nature, needs the help of Art;
All Ages paſt are with Examples fraught,
And long Experience has this Leſſon taught;
The firmeſt Superſtructure muſt decay,
When e'er the ſolid Baſis ſinks away;
A May-Pole will not like a Church endure,
And Ships without their Ballaſt never Sail ſecure.

This Doctrine ev'ry prudent Nymph allow'd,
And joint Applauſes eccho'd from the Crowd:

As when, the Glory of the Tragick Scene,
The Manly Booth, in Majesty serene,
Attracts the pleas'd Spectators ravish'd Ears,
And seems to be the Cato he appears;
At ev'ry Pause, resounding Shouts prevail,
And often stop, and interrupt his Tale.

Again, th' Exalted Dame her Speech renews,
Resumes the Word, and Learnedly pursues;
Let *Dido*'s Stratagem be hence forgot,
And to her Memory no Praise allot,
For were the Fair to purchase *Carthage* now,
The Bull's-Hide Trick they'd wholly disallow,
And make their Bargain, but for so much Ground,
As this *Capacious Hoop* might compass round.

The

The *Farding-al*, for baser Ends design'd,
To hide the growing Shame of Nymphs too kind,
Will now ('tis hop'd) its vain Pretensions quit,
And to a Work like this, Compleat, submit.

She ceas'd: Fair CHLORIS next discharg'd [her *Fan*,
And in persuasive Accents thus began;
Men are of late so proud and saucy grown,
They dare for ev'ry Nymph a Passion own,
And from a Civil Answer, brag of Favours [shown.
Should now, by Chance, (for Flesh we know is [frail,)
Some fav'rite Fop above the rest prevail;
Admit the very worst that Men can boast,
We need but keep our Counsel at the most,
This *New Machine* a sure Defence shall prove,
And guard the Sex against the Harms of Love.

As

As the fierce *Porcupine*, whom Nature Arms,
Abroad ſecurely Preys, nor dreads Alarms,
But whenſoe'er th' approaching Foe ſhe ſpies,
To meet the Foe the briſtled Monſter flies;
Quick from her Back ſhe calls a Wood of Quills,
Which darting forth, whoe'er ſhe hits, ſhe kills:
So might the Fair, thus arm'd, remain ſecure,
And brave the Dangers which they ſhun'd before,
Safe in their Ramparts all Aſſaults defie,
And dare the Efforts of the Enemy.

She ſaid, and ſate: and *Herculea* roſe,
(Her the whole Sex had for their Champion choſe,)
Nature at firſt her Soul for Man deſign'd,
But by Miſtake to Woman's Mold confin'd:

Her Mien was Maſculine, and Manly Grace,
And more than Female Boldneſs flush'd her Face.
Applauding Murmurs round the Circle ran,
When with diſdainful Smiles ſhe thus began:
The Uſe of Art, ſhould Nature chance to fail,
I own is Good, and may like that prevail;
But ſurely none to uſe baſe Arts will yield,
Till by decay of Nature's Force compell'd;
By Art we're taught the *Flutt'ring* FAN to hold,
Whilſt Love in Ambuſh lies in ev'ry Fold;
Already we have ſhewn *the Shoulders bare*,
And panting Breaſts expos'd to open Air;
And ſhall we now let ev'ry Coxcomb ſee,
At ev'ry blaſt of Wind, the *Naked Knee*?
Oh Nymphs, for ſhame, ſuch trifling Arts de-
[cline!
Each Fop will find the Cauſe of this Deſign,

And,

And, fraught with Impudence, the Guard bear
Then with Diſdain refuſe the Conquer'd Town. [down,
Truſt your own Charms, let Nature give Sur-
The *Porcupine* leſs ſtore of Darts ſupplies, [prize ;
Than *Cupid* ſhafts from ev'ry Female's Eyes.
In muſty Records we have Stories told,
Of *Troy*'s Defeat by Stratagem, of Old,
Yet ſure Defect of Courage does it ſhow,
To take Advantage of a weaker Foe:
What Hero to ſuch Tricks would have recourſe?
Troy ſhould have ſtood, if not reduc'd by Force.
She ſpoke——the dire Contagion quickly ſpread,
And *ſome* were heard to ſecond what ſhe ſaid;
Of theſe, whoſe Satire was from Envy ſtirr'd,
The Muſe declines the Venom to record.

When each malicious Nymph her Faults had [found,
The Learn'd AURELIA laſt ſurvey'd it round;
AURELIA, vers'd in ev'ry Female Art,
With piercing Eyes examin'd ev'ry part;
Each Curious Fold laid open to the view,
Each Curious Fold preſented ſomething New;
She paus'd, and Thought her Admiration rais'd,
Review'd it all, and all ſhe view'd, ſhe prais'd;
Nor gave her Praiſe without the juſteſt Cauſe;
Yet ſcatter'd Cenſure midſt of her Applauſe.
Up roſe the *Prude*, and with a Look ſerene,
Diſplay'd to all the Circle the Machine;
View here, (ſhe cry'd,) what CHLOE's Art has [done,
This Work may ſure for former Faults attone;
Her tedious Abſence pleads a juſt excuſe,
Whoſe private Labours turn to publick Uſe.

In

In this the Maſter-ſtrokes of Art behold,
Great the Invention, as the Work is bold!
Should now Good natur'd Nymphs, (which [Heav'n forefend!)
To Grant too early Favours condeſcend;
See here, the happy means propos'd to ſhun,
The Fatal Danger, when the Fault is done.
Had CHLOE's Self, —but let none hence infer,
That Virtue ſo ſevere as her's could err!
Had ſhe, in Need, devis'd this rare Machine,
Untouch'd, as now, her Chaſtity had been:
Let no Coy Nymphs of Remedy deſpair,
Contrivance is the Province of the Fair.
Secure from Cenſure, let each dauntleſs Maid,
Ruſh to the Field, and find a ready Aid;
Let no vain Fears of future Ills detain,
The Loveſick Virgin from the Longing Swain,

Scandal no more ſhall blaſt the Damſel's Name,
Safe in this Covert, ſhall remain her Fame,
And *Yield*, or *not*, for ever be the ſame.
Unharm'd by Love, each Nymph ſhall now ap-
[pear,
Nor Shame henceforth reſtrain the Willing Fair.
Sure, firſt, ſome Grateful Youth, to eaſe the Dame,
That kindly Yielded to reward his Flame,
In happy Hour, this Lucky Hint ſupply'd:
Or Bridegroom, pitying his too baſhful Bride,
Devis'd this Whim, the Fair One to allure,
That, ſooth'd with hopes of ſuch a ſeeming Cure,
Fearleſs, ſhe might the dang'rous Bliſs endure.

So valiant AJAX, with large Promiſe fed,
The Youthful TEUCER, and to Battle led:

But

But when the Thunder of the War grew loud,
Himſelf, protected from the Hoſtile Crowd,
His ample Target to the Warrior lent,
In time of Need, his Danger to prevent:
The youthful TEUCER this *Aſylum* choſe,
And dar'd, Secure, the thickeſt of his Foes;
AURELIA ſpoke — the reſt her Words rever'd,
And all around their mingled Shouts were heard.

Where Praiſe ſo juſt is due, the Grateful Muſe,
Diſdains her humble Tribute to refuſe;
Hail *Spacious Canopy*, ſpread Heav'nly wide!
What Wonders doſt thou *ſhow*, what Wonders [*hide*?
Could I but half thy num'rous Beauties tell,
For ever on the Lovely Theme I'd dwell.

The

The *Canvas* here to Nobler Uſe apply'd,
Shall ſpread its ample Breadth with envy'd Pride;
Tho' from the *Pencil*, firſt, it gain'd a Name,
The Fair have rais'd it to ſuperior Fame.

This Praiſe, Illuſtrious Nymph! be juſtly thine,
This Work alone, proclaims thy Pow'r Divine,
VENUS no more ſhall o'er the Sex preſide,
But all adore, who all defects can hide.
To teach theſe Am'rous Faults, be her's alone,
All Woman-kind the Deity ſhall own,
That did the Means to cover them make known.
Thy Matchleſs Fame for ever ſhall ſurvive,
Who didſt ſo quickly ſuch a Work contrive,
Leapt thus the World to Being at a Call,
And JOVE'S *Almighty* FIAT *form'd a Ball.*

The

The Senate now adjourn'd, the Dames decree,
The Matchleſs CHLOE ſhall their Leader be;
The Matchleſs CHLOE now accepts the place,
And moves the foremoſt, with Majeſtick Grace;
The ſpacious PETTICOAT, in bright Array,
Like the tall Ship, does all its Pride diſplay,
Swells with full Gales, and ſweeps along the way.

FINIS.

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F I N I S.